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"HONK!"



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THE EATON PRIZE CONTEST

THE Eaton-Hurlbut Paper Company takes pleasure in announcing that the judges, S. S. McCURE, of McClure's Magazine; DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, of The Woman's Home Companion; F. N. DOUBLEDAY, of World's Work; NORMAN HAPGOOD, of Collier's Weekly, and J. S. PHILLIPS, of the American Magazine, have awarded the \$1,730 in prizes for the best letters written on and about EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM, as follows:

THE FIRST PRIZE,	\$500, in cash, to Mrs. Louise Herrick Wall, Berkeley, Cal.
THE SECOND PRIZE,	150, in cash, to Ann Borodel, Williamstown, Mass.
THE THIRD PRIZE,	100, in cash, to Mrs. T. A. Olsen, Devil's Lake, N. Dak.
THE FOURTH PRIZE,	25, in cash, to Mrs. J. W. Outland, E. Chattanooga, Tenn.
THE FIFTH PRIZE,	25, in cash, to Effie R. Dodds, Nagasaki, Japan.
THE SIXTH PRIZE,	25, in cash, to Mrs. J. N. Cutler, Albany, N. Y.
THE SEVENTH PRIZE,	25, in cash, to Grace Margaret Gallaher, Baltimore, Md.
THE SEVENTH PRIZE,	25, in cash, to Cornelia Albright, Delaware, Ohio.
THE CONSOLATION PRIZES,	Two reams of EATON'S HOT-PRESSED VELLUM, with envelopes to match, stamped with monogram or address, to:

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THE CONTEST WAS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS

THE total number of letters received was 59,681, of which 30,134 were contestants for the prizes. The extraordinary thing about the contest is not only the large numbers of letters, but that the standard of excellence is so high. Dr. Hale, one of the judges, says: "I was very sorry that by a mere accident, not knowing what I did, I accepted the commission. I am now very glad that I did so, for this mass of letters which you have sent me has taught me a great deal as to the intelligence and spirit of the women on whom very largely the future of America depends."

It must be a comfort to every woman who competed to find out that she did not know how well she could do until she tried, for the letters all tell this. Those who were unsuccessful have been through a training which will be of great help to them in future contests, which are a part of our plans. Also, every woman who competed must have learned how good a correspondence paper Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum is. The idea of this contest was to introduce Eaton's Hot-Pressed Vellum to women who could appreciate it. We know that the judgment of every woman who

tried it, whether she received a prize or not, will be that it is the ideal writing paper for the personal correspondence of a woman of taste.

THE PRIZE LETTERS Do You Want to See Them?

The prize letters are so good that they are worth reading for their own sake, apart from the fact that they won the prizes. The first eight letters have been printed in full in "Eaton's" (our little magazine) for June, together with photographs of those writers who gave permission to publish their pictures, and brief descriptions of the writers. The letters are all so long that they can't be printed here, but since every one who reads this will want to see the winning letters and pictures of the writers, a copy of "Eaton's" for June will be mailed for two 2-cent stamps. This will make it possible for every one to read the results of one of the most remarkable contests ever held.

Every one who competed for these prizes has already received a copy of "Eaton's" for June.

EATON-HURLBUT PAPER CO., 30 Partridge Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

†Owing to the fact that it was necessary to postpone the closing date, we have awarded additional prizes to letters received after the original closing date, so that no letter received within the time first specified has been displaced by any later letter. 14 additional prizes were awarded.

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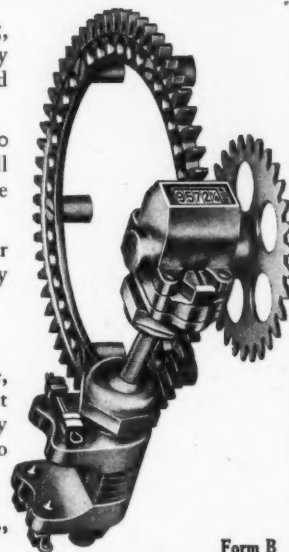
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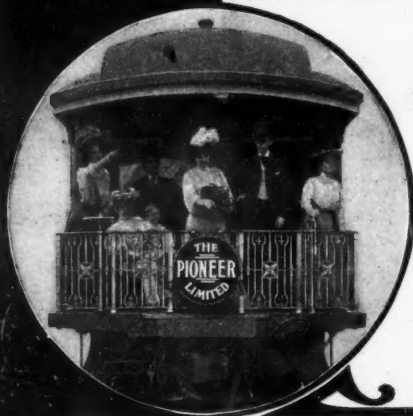
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The above rates apply also to routes via Omaha and Ogden—the Overland Limited; and via Kansas City—the Southwest Limited. You may go by one route and return by either of the others. Information and interesting literature supplied by

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Good 
morning

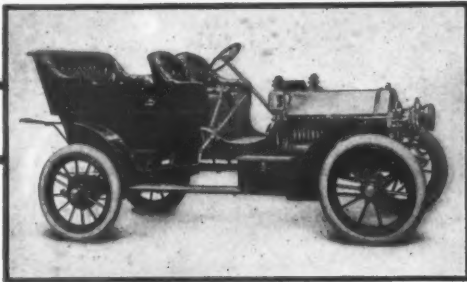
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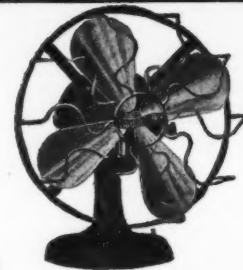
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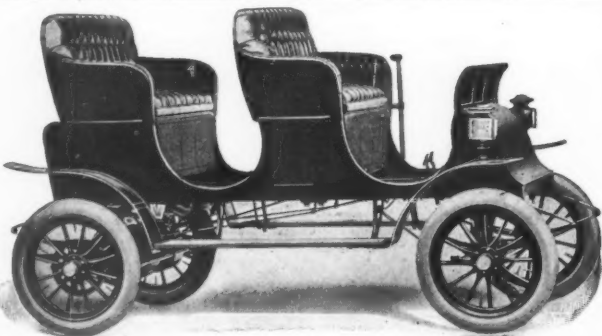
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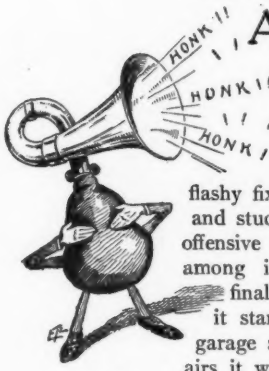
LIFE



THE TEDDYSSY. BOOK V

AT THE END OF THE HISPANIAN WAR TEDDYSSY IS TRIUMPHANTLY RECEIVED BY PALLAS AND ZE U. S.

The Auto and the Lady Customer



A CERTAIN automobile was so proud and vain that it secretly made up its mind it would appear better than its fellows. So it borrowed some brilliant searchlights and a new coat of paint, put on some detachable rims, and, ornamenting itself with brass knobs and other flashy fixtures, plumed itself over every one else, and stuck up its cylinder over others in such an offensive manner that no one could bear it among its new companions. And so it was finally obliged to go back to the garage where it started. Now, when all the others in the garage saw how it was fixed up and the new airs it was putting on, they were just about to fall upon it and tear it to pieces, when at this moment a lady

customer came in after something to give her husband as a surprise for his birthday. And no sooner did she see the ostentatious automobile than she completely ignored all the others and took it home with her straightway.

Moral

When a woman is in the case, all bets are off.

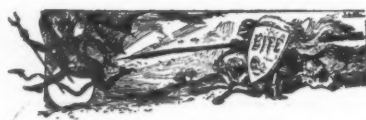
In Old Kentucky

"I HEAR Colonel Bourbon's left arm was cut off in the railway accident."

"Yes, suh, a most unfawtunate occurrence, but fawtunately his drinking arm was entirely uninjured."

"AN OLD subscriber writes us to know what a married couple can live comfortably on," said the stenographer.

"Tell her a thousand a year more than they have," answered the correspondence editor wisely.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIX. MAY 23, 1907. No. 1282.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



IN POLITICS, at the time of this writing, the newspapers are telling how the water has begun to quench the fire, and the fire to burn the stick, and the stick to beat the dog, and the dog to bite the dilatory cow. Things have got a move on them—so the papers say—and what Governor Hughes wants done in New York is to be done, and the Republican State machine in Ohio—Cox, Foraker and all—is coming out for William Taft for President.

That is better. There is improvement, too, in the matter of the talk about a third term for President Roosevelt. There is less babbling about that. The efforts to create excitement about it have flatted out for the time being, and we may go through the summer without any widespread disturbance of the public mind on the subject of the next President. When Congress meets again next December will be plenty soon enough to start the activities preliminary to the next Presidential campaign. We do not need the excitement of that at present. The spring is late, and there are interesting crop uncertainties which provide plenty enough food for the thoughts of speculative minds.

And there are some interesting strikes, too; and the Moyer-Haywood trial is under way; and the repose of families has been affected to an unusual extent by the migration of domestic servants back to Ireland, Germany and Sweden to spend the summer. This last phenomenon is worth studying. It is the golden age for cooks, chambermaids, butlers, waitresses and laundresses. Their wages have gone up along with all wages to match the increased cost of living. But the increased cost of food and rent affects household servants not at all, so their

prosperity is great, and how ample their surpluses are appears in the number of them who are able to indulge their natural and reasonable disposition to spend the summer abroad.



WE LIKE to see them go. It argues that the fun is better distributed than it used to be. And they do well to go while they can, for it is hard to see how the great majority of the servant-maintaining households in this country can possibly maintain their present rate of household expenditure. Folks will hang on to the last possible minute to the standard of living they are used to, but in the course of time their expenditures have got to be adjusted to their incomes. There must be about a million American households in which, nowadays, the question has come to be pressing whether it is going to be less inconvenient to go without servants or to go without food. The favorite national economy is to go without children, but that can hardly be carried much farther, and at best it is disappointing in the long run. There must be children, but there is going on a very careful and extended computation as to what *can* be spared. Clothes must be worn to some extent, and the habit of taking food is hard to break off, though it may be mitigated.

Perhaps we shall conclude presently that our easiest economy will be to try to get along with less Tariff.



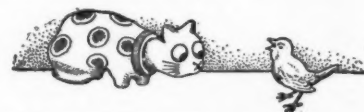
WHAT a ludicrous thing is the government of the city of New York! Its pavements are the latest joke. Some expert engineers employed by the city have been examining them and report—what we have all known for some months past—that more than half of the pavements in Manhattan are woefully in need of repair. They say they never saw pavements nearly as bad as New York's in any large city of America or Europe. All of us who live in New York can believe that, because we have some of the pavements under constant observation and know to what ridiculous decrepitude they have come.

Why should a city of enormous wealth

and preposterous annual expenditure have such an extraordinary equipment of broken-down pavements? Some of the most flagrant details of the misgovernment of New York are out of sight. The city's ridiculous system of buying property that it needs and paying two or three times as much for it as any one else would have to pay is only known to people who sell the property, or read about it in the papers, or who read the figures and comments in the Comptroller's reports. The shortcomings of the Police Department, though notorious enough, do not actually come home to all of us so that it hurts. But the pavements are under the eyes and under the feet of everybody; nobody can fail to notice them, nor fail to deduce from their appearance that New York is ridiculously governed.

No doubt the true way to manage the business of a great city is to hire a competent autocrat and give him the whole job, and a salary large enough to make it worth his while to undertake it. Manchester, England, has found a way to do something like that, and hires an honest and competent lawyer, at a high price, to buy and sell for her, and make all her contracts and bargains, and see that they are carried out. They say the plan works extremely well.

The trouble with our New York streets is that the paving concerns are not kept up to their contracts, but are allowed, first, to lay bad pavements, and then to neglect to repair them. The other chief trouble is that the industry of cutting holes in the pavements is prompt, active and incessant, and the industry of repairing and repaving such holes is casual and dilatory. So it is in nearly all American cities, and doubtless will continue to be until local elections are held for some other purpose than to determine which crowd of mismanagers shall find their profit in the city's loss.



MASSACHUSETTS has decided not to tax her colleges. The bill for that purpose passed her Senate, but the objections to it were so vehement that it was beaten in her lower house ten to one. Second thoughts in that case were better thoughts, and worthier of the State.



WHY NOT?

A STATUE TO THE RULER OF THE WORLD

Arthur and His Toys

YOUNG boys who are growing up are full of life, and require constant occupation. Arthur's father and mother realized this keenly, and this oftentimes made them more indulgent in the selection of his pastimes than they might have been otherwise.

It was their constant care to provide new means of amusement for him. But even they, with their immense resources, would have failed at times had it not been for the boy's bright mind. It was he, indeed, who often suggested things which at first sight seemed impossible because of their startling originality. And it was often quite hard for both parents to repress their smiles.

One day, for example, Arthur startled them both at the table by gravely announcing:

"Papa and mamma, I want a set of slums."

"A set of slums!" ejaculated his father. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Oh," said Arthur, "I get awfully tired of playing with nice things. I guess," he added, brightly, "that I am like mamma's pet dog that she loves to tie up with pink ribbons and who sleeps in that fussy little silk-lined basket. For I've noticed when he gets out he always makes for the nearest garbage-pail, and, also, he loves to go with mean, poor little dogs. Perhaps that's the reason, papa, why I want a set of slums."

Arthur's mother held up her hands and shuddered.

"You mustn't think of such a thing," she said.

"Why, you might catch some horrid ailment."

"No, I won't," pleaded Arthur.

"I promise, honest. I'll get sick if you don't let me," he said, threateningly. "I just know that I'll get sick, so you'd better let me have what I want."

Thereupon he began to show such unruly symptoms that a conference was held and it was finally agreed that he should have his new toy.

There were, of course, plenty of slums in the market, and Arthur's father had no difficulty in obtaining what he wanted.

And there was everything in them that Arthur could wish

for—tenement houses and poor fathers and mothers and loads of children.

Arthur's slums were located in a portion of the city remote from his own home, and he had to make a journey every day in one of his autos, which made it an object.

"Never let him go out in his auto aimlessly," said Arthur's chief doctor. "It isn't healthful. But wherever he goes, always try to create an object."

It may well be imagined, therefore, that Arthur was delighted to have some place to visit that was really an object. Sometimes he would persuade his mother to go along, although as a rule she was not very keen about it.

Arthur's father had given him some slum text-books to read, which naturally had given him a deeper interest in everything and made him ask a great many questions.

"Mamma," he said, earnestly, "what are all these babies for?"

"Don't you know?" said his mamma, with a bright smile, as she adjusted her sable cloak. "They're for us, of course."

"For us?"

"Yes, dear child. You see, unless all these children came into the world and grew up to be useful men and women, there would be a scarcity of labor, and we couldn't begin to enjoy all the nice things we have."

Arthur's mother was a very able woman. She belonged to several clubs, and had studied socialism.

"Did God really make them for our use?" asked Arthur.

"Of course," replied his mother, "we cannot tell for a certainty, Arthur dear. The ways of God are past finding out. But that is the presumption. Else why should they be here?"

"I hadn't thought of that," said Arthur, who really had a wonderfully bright mind when he applied himself.

"Certainly, mamma, if they were not made for us they would have no other use, would they? I suppose they will grow up to be chauffeurs and head butlers and coachmen; and then some of them will work on our railroads and in our cornfields, and in our factories. But, mamma, here is something that I don't understand. I notice in this set of slums papa has given me, that there are a lot of men who don't seem to be doing anything. They are trying to get work all the time, but they just don't. And some of them are sick, and





Mr. Beetle: I WONDER WHAT MR. SPIDER IS SO PLEASED ABOUT?
Waiter: WHY, SIR, HE'S JUST FOUND A FLY IN HIS SOUP.

a good many of them are hungry. Perhaps because they don't get enough to eat is why they can't work."

Arthur's mother smiled brightly.

"That is because, Arthur dear, they are below the poverty line."

"And what is the poverty line?"

"Why, it is an imaginary line, like the axis of the earth you studied about in your geography, that is drawn between people who are able to earn enough to live on and those who are not."

"But, mamma, if they are created for our use, why should there be any like this? If they are not any use to any one?"

"My dear child, they are what make us kind. You see, if there were no people like that in the world for us to be sorry about, we might become too thoughtless of others. Their mere presence here helps us to develop our philanthropic faculties. To visit the sick and poor occasionally helps to awaken our sympathies and keeps our sentiments alive. So you see, Arthur dear, everything has its use."

Arthur laughed in childish glee.

"I declare, mamma," he said, "I'm so glad papa gave me this set of slums. It's awfully instructive, isn't it?"

For some time after that he was very busy with his new

toy, and his parents saw very little of him. One day his father, who had been down in Washington giving instructions to the President, came in and found him very busy with a picture-book.

"Well, Arthur, what are you up to?" he said, crossly, for his journey had made him irritable.

"Oh, papa, I'm having the greatest time! I'm having my new slum set all fixed over. I'm going to put in new tenements, with real bath-rooms, and I'm going to have a free restaurant, and free doctors, and everything! Yes! I'm going to have them all as good as my kennels; you know I got nearly five millions for my birthday, and!"

His father stopped him.

"No, you're not. I'm glad I found out about it in time."

"But why not?"

Arthur was beginning to look solemn. His father took him by the hand.

"Now, my dear little boy," he said, "I know that you are going to be real good and not be disappointed when I ask you to let your set of slums stay just as they are. It wouldn't do. Our only salvation is not to do anything about it."

Arthur was in a tractable mood. Besides, when his father was very decided, he usually gave in to him.

"Of course, papa," he said, "I'll do as you say—only, I don't understand."

His father put his arm about him.

"You see, it's this way, Arthur," he said. "If you did it with your slums, they'd expect me to do it with others. As long as they know we are not going to do anything for them, we can live a life of comparative pleasure, but the moment we get the reputation of being too generous, we wouldn't have a moment's peace. It's better, if you are going to give away money, to present it to some educational institute, where it will make the greatest display."

He put his hand in his pocket.

"I'm a little short of ready cash," he said, "as I've just been to Washington, but here's a couple of hundred thousand. Spend it on yourself, Arthur dear, and leave your slum set to get along the best way it can. God made it, and God knows best what to do with it."

T. L. M.

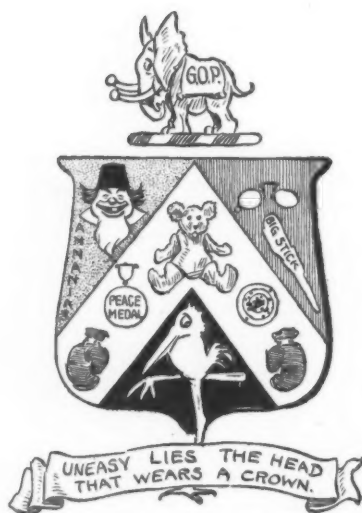
Just Vanity

CONCERNING the trapping of animals, Mr. J. Howard Moore, of Chicago, says: "Suppose we human beings were hunted with traps by a race of giants a hundred feet high, very ingenious, and absolutely without conscience so far as their treatment of us was concerned. Suppose that in spite of all our vigilance we were continually falling into these traps, which were hidden all about us, and compelled in order to escape to eat off our own arms or legs. Suppose we were absolutely helpless in the matter and that our victimizers had no higher purpose in inflicting these fiendish outrages than to get a scalp or a jawbone to dangle about their demoniacal necks. Suppose, finally, in order to complete the analogy, that these people imagined themselves to be highly civilized and enlightened."

As a matter of fact, the tender-hearted females of these one hundred feet high chaps would be wearing our skins as a decoration when going to church. That is, of course, if our skins were worth it.

Who's What

In and Out of America



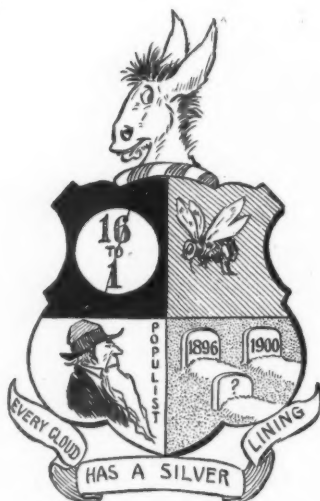
Roosevelt, T. An after-breakfast speaker and Presidential hack-writer. Also canal digger, trust buster and all-around sport. This young man began his career as President in the days when the country was a Republic. He inherited a splendid constitution, but has abused it ever since. He is fond of walking on railroads, and, not satisfied with this, frequently jumps on them. He is not good at arithmetic, and cannot count beyond three. His principal amusement is raiding Wall Street, making Teddybears and calling all men liars. Principal works: "Filipino Funerals," "Extinguished Canal Engineers," and "Leonard Wood." Favorite motto: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Address, Washington, D. C., care Benjamin Tillman.

Contentment

I'M HAPPY now as one can be—
At least, upon this earth—
Because I haven't time to think
How little I am worth;
It's really gratifying to
Forget how poor you are
While riding in an auto—er,
I mean a mortgaged car.

It used to trouble me to meet
My creditors, for they
Have such a faculty at times
Of getting in the way;
But now I scarcely see them in
My touring—er, I mean
A mortgaged automobile run
With borrowed gasoline!

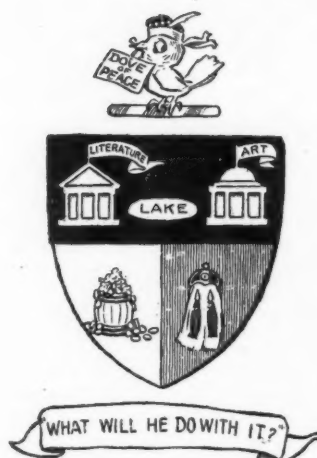
W. F. R.



Bryan, W. J. A distinguished and extinguished Presidential impossibility, who first created an enemy's country and then made so much money out of it that he could afford to become the editor of a paper. This gentleman took the remains of the Democratic party and getting them firmly between his teeth worried them to death. Since then Wall Street has looked up, and prosperity has spread its rich, warm mantle over every magnate in the country, at times almost rubbing its fringe even against those who are too poor to know how to be dishonest, and too proud to steal anyway. After successfully playing in his great play, "The Would-be Boy President of Nebraska," he traveled in Mexico and Europe, unlearning everything he did not know about the Silver Question, and has since then become so quiet that you can hear a pin drop anywhere west of the Missouri River. Principal occupation, nursing a vain hope. Author of "Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining," "Teddybear Baiting," "A Forlorn Hope," etc. Motto: You can lead a donkey to water, but you cannot make him think.

"I HOPE you won't insist upon a long engagement, dearest," he said, tenderly.

"No, sweetheart, I won't. You haven't money enough to make one enjoyable," she answered practically.



Carnegie, Andrew. A famous raiser of Pittsburg millionaires and advance agent of obscurity. This gentleman, first stamping his name in indelible ink on the stork's breast, was born in Scotland, and coming to this country concealed himself behind a tariff until he was old enough to stay out in the wet with a collection of pots and pans while it was raining money. Since then he has become a popular entertainer, goes out evenings for a moderate sum and is kissed readily by handsome young girls with good constitutions. His principal occupation is increasing taxes. Recreation, making his own epitaphs. He is the author of "What Will He Do with It?" "The Lake," etc. He also conducts an advertising correspondence school. Address, Ladies' Entrance, Waldorf-Astoria.

Urbanity

A SHOP-GIRL entered the car.
Every strap was full occupied.

But was she compelled to stand on her poor, tired, aching feet all the way home?

Oh, no. Three or four men promptly jammed her up among them in such a way that she could not possibly fall down.

Americans are no doubt the politest people in the world. As for the French, if you speak of them, they have no such opportunities.

FIRST VISITOR (in New York Harbor): That's a pretty old looking excursion boat.

NATIVE: Yes. That boat ought to have blown up or sunk long ago.



PROMISING

"DO YOU THINK MY MAMMA WILL NOTICE IF I ACT AS UMPIRE OF YOUR GAME?"
"NAW—SHE WON'T KNOW YOU."

RACING NEWS

NINETEENTH CENTURY

Futurity Course. Life Track

Weather—Cloudy. Purse—Success. Track—Heavy

HORSES	JOCKEYS
Honesty.....	Perseverance
Graft.....	Influence
Money.....	Display
Luck.....	Plunger
Bluff.....	Nerve
Kindness.....	Happiness
Egotism.....	Failure
Yellow Journalism.....	Vulgarity
Fame.....	Courage

Quarter

Money goes to the front and is at the quarter by three lengths. Luck is second and Bluff third, with the field bunched four lengths behind.

Half

Money still leads, but Display has run her off her feet and

she is all in. Bluff and Kindness are tied for second place and the field is strung out. Courage is bringing Fame up well.

Three-Quarters

Kindness is in the lead. Fame is second, outrunning Bluff by a length. Honesty is fast overtaking the leaders.

Stretch

They are into the stretch with Fame, Honesty and Kindness running together and pulling way ahead of the field.

Finish

Honesty wins by three lengths and Fame is a nose ahead of Kindness for second place.

Perseverance had Honesty well in hand throughout the race and was an easy winner. Fame and Kindness were evenly matched, but Courage rode a little better than Happiness and deserved second place.

Time: 20 years.

TWENTIETH CENTURY

Same Track, Weather, Course, Purse and Entries

Quarter

Honesty is left at the post, otherwise the horses get away good. Fame is at the quarter by two lengths. Egotism is second and Luck third, a length ahead of the field.

Half

Luck is first at the half, with Money coming up strong and Bluff barely leading the bunch for third.

Three-Quarters

By a sensational spurt Vulgarity brings Yellow Journalism to the front. Money is second, with Bluff a hard third and Graft coming along easy.

Stretch

Influence brings Graft into the stretch neck and neck with Money, and Bluff still holds third place. Yellow Journalism dies in the stretch.

Finish

Graft wins by a head in the last fifty yards, with Money second, and four lengths ahead of Bluff, who has tired fast in the last quarter and was only kept up by Nerve.

Graft seemed to get stronger as the race went on, and in a sixteenth more would have been four lengths ahead of Money. Display had ridden Money off her feet and she could not have gone much farther. Luck was a good horse and should have showed, but Plunger ran him all out in the first part of the race.

Time: 5 years.

Huntley Child.

Divine Fire

GENIUS is that gift of the gods which makes a man eight feet tall in a crowd.

If he wishes to shake hands, nobody can reach up to him.

If he has a notion to kiss a pretty girl, he has to stoop so enormously, and make such a spectacle of himself, that there's no fun in it.

In short, he is denied about all the larger comforts.

Nor is he deserving of any credit. If anybody praises him, he is not tickled, knowing in his heart that he can't help being a genius.

Prometheus was the first genius. He is still getting his, they say. Most anybody would rather be the iceman.



BEAUTIES OF BR
WHEN YOUR GUESTS BECOME A S

LIFE.



BEAUTIES OF BRIDGE
ESTS BECOME A SOURCE OF PROFIT



NOW I OWN A HORSE AND COW, MY NEIGHBOR BIDS ME GOOD-MORROW.—Franklin.



The Season in Retrospect

LOOKING back over the theatrical season just finished, two rather contradictory tendencies are noticeable. One is the increasing success of meritorious plays by American dramatists and the other the continued decline of public taste as shown by the growing importance of vaudeville and stage performances of the more trivial sort.

The renewed activity of the American dramatist of the better school was coincident with the opening up of the movement of the independent managers who permitted something besides box-office influences to enter into their calculations. Some failures were scored from both pecuniary and artistic points of view, but these were more than offset by the substantial successes of other productions.

The other tendency rests on the fact that human nature is human nature and that humans do not always crave the more wholesome thing. Even with governmental encouragement of churches they are vastly outnumbered by corner saloons, on which we lay the heavy hand of taxation and police control. The great majority of persons do not want to have good done to them, and in the matter of stage amusement they have carried their timidity in this particular to the point where the merest suggestion of seriousness in a theatrical offering is pretty sure to scare the

multitude away. Hence the managers, who regard the drama only as a commodity and who would sell arsenic or strychnine if the public wanted them and would pay for them, deal only in what is surest to sell. Having neither artistic discernment nor financial courage, they deal only in the catchpenny staples of theatrical commerce. They cater to the worse taste rather than the better, and further debauch the masses, who are only too ready to be debauched.

* * *

IT IS agreeable to look over the list of plays by American authors and find among them the greatest successes of the season. Friends of the drama, who have thought that the fear of the Trust managers to produce anything which had not already received the approval of London or Paris might make the American dramatist an extinct species, may take heart of grace from the success of "The Three of Us," "The Great Divide," "Jeanne d'Arc," "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Road to Yesterday" and "The New York Idea." It will be noted that not one of these American successes was produced under the management of the Theatrical Trust, and probably would never have had a hearing if it were not that there were some theatres free from Trust control. On the other hand, the vast resources at the command of the Trust have been devoted entirely to the exploitation of foreign successes, gaudy spectacles, musical "shows" and the turning over to vaudeville entertainments of theatres hitherto the homes of legitimate and miscellaneous attractions. This last accomplishment means that in the coming season many cities outside of New York will find themselves deprived of rational theatrical enjoyment and confined to the sort of thing that alone appeals to the taste and education of the Trust managers.

* * *

THE American actor has not kept pace with the American dramatist. Of course, a single season does not as a rule develop a genius, but the men and women at the head of the profession have done nothing to mark progress, and from the

ranks no one has emerged by conspicuous achievement. The rapid advance of Carlotta Nillson and the admirable impersonation of the Spanish-American girl by Miss Frances Starr in Mr. Belasco's play are the only exceptions, and the latter is a special case due to special environment.

The foreigners who have made their advent on our stage have won the acting honors of the season and are responsible for a large share of its interest. Mme. Kalich's very powerful performance in "The Kreutzer Sonata," Mme. Nazimova's experiment in English and Signor Novelli's protean accomplishments in classical and modern drama have done much to lend color to what in the main has been a colorless epoch so far as acting is concerned.

* * *

HE classic drama in English has been evidenced by about the usual percentage of Shakespearian performances. Its interpreters have been Mr. Mantell, Annie Russell, Viola Allen and—according to his advertisements—Mr. Ben Greet, with their respective companies. Perhaps the most that can be said for these representations is that they keep the Shakespearian tradition alive. Leaving aside the Greet attempts as unworthy of serious consideration, it may be affirmed of all the others that they demonstrate for the most part the utter poverty of our stage in artists competent to interpret impressively or even intelligently the lines of the Bard. No matter how competent the star or how elaborate the production, they fail of their value if the secondary and minor parts are attempted

by persons who are incompetent.

"The play's the thing," of course, but the text's the thing in the first place, if the play is to be anything at all. This may appear to approve the enterprise of the alleged Elizabethan productions of the lamentable Greet, but unfortunately he supplied neither setting, acting nor an intelligent rendering of the text. In our universities theatricals are assuming a new importance, and it might not be a bad thing for the preservation of Shakespeare and the other classics, as well as for a much-desired mending of American speech, if these texts were made the object of critical study in connection with actual performance in simple settings. Competitive performances of the same plays might come to have all the interest of football matches and eight-oar races, and result eventually in all-university companies, made up of the best individual performers, chosen by competent judges. Picture the emulation among the men and women students to represent their respective colleges as the *Hamlet* and the *Ophelia* in the all-university company.

* * *

IN THE raft of lighter entertainment put forth simply to amuse and on account of its commercial value, nothing of tremendous merit has appeared. No Gilbert and Sullivan have dawned in the American horizon. This would, of course, be too much to expect when compositions of this character are frankly written down to meet the flashiest and least exacting mental standards. Not much is to be expected, of course, when the first requirement is that they shall attract and amuse audiences made up almost entirely of uncultured persons who do not know and who hate to think. It seems pitiful that the bulk of the resources of the American theatre must be devoted to meeting this requirement, but any one who looks into the situation the country over must admit the fact. How far this decadence is to go and how long it is to last is a serious problem to those who believe that the stage should have a higher place in our civilization than that of simply amusing the shallow-minded.



BROOKLYN BRIDGE

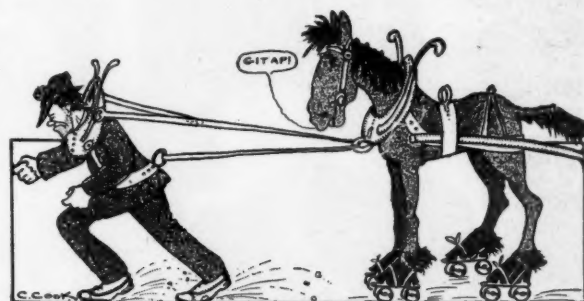
THERE have been some occurrences of general import. Lamentable among these was the failure of the New Theatre in Chicago. This was an appeal to the more intelligent class of theatregoers. There may have been contributory causes for its non-success, but the main one seems to have been the fact that the people at large will not patronize anything in the theatre that makes even the slightest draft on their thinking powers.

The apparently successful establishment of a second home of grand opera in New York was contrary to general belief and prophecy. The generous patronage given to Mr. Hammerstein's plucky undertaking again emphasizes the fact that for pecuniary success in America it is safer to appeal to the senses than to the intellect.

The invasion of the vaudeville field by the Theatrical Trust is another argument to the same end. The scent of that greedy organization for dollars is keen and its members could not view with equanimity the steady current of money flowing from the pockets of the cheap public into the treasuries of the vaudeville houses which they could not control by their monopolistic methods. The chief interest in this matter to the better public is that it means that in many towns vaudeville shows will hereafter be the only form of theatrical amusement.

* * *

SO ENDS a season contradictory in many of its aspects, but in the main a considerably more than usually interesting one. May the coming one be even more so. *Metcalf.*



LATEST DEVELOPMENT IN THE S. P. C. A. "NEW ROAD LAWS"

THE LATEST BOOKS

WITH the best will in the world, bringing to the reading a seasoned admiration for much of Mr. Howells's work and a genuine enjoyment of his literary personality and his written word, one fails to find anything of more than the most incidental and fugitive attraction in his very gently double-edged satire, *Through the Eye of the Needle*. The story embraces the experiences of an Altrurian traveler in New York and his American wife's subsequent experiences in "Altruria," and ridicules with an almost invisible delicacy both the conditions of our day and the dreams of the Utopian reformers.

There is a literary form of "gambit" in which, instead of (as in chess) sacrificing a pawn to gain a position, you sacrifice a probability to achieve a situation. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's novel, *The Kinsman*, like Mrs. Thurston's *The Masquerader*, opens with the "wonderful resemblance gambit," and it must be cheerfully conceded that the end justifies the extravagance. The story of this Australian gentleman and his London cockney, Bank-holiday, cousin, is as laughable as its characterizations are clever.

At first glance it would appear that nothing could less concern the mere

student-appreciator of paintings than a scientific discussion, howsoever practical, of the physical and optical properties of pigments; such as is contained in W. Oswald's *Letters to a Painter on the Theory and Practice of Painting*. The truth is, however, that, since certain allowances have to be made for the inevitable limitations of all methods of communicative expression, some familiarity with its theory and technique is necessary to the intelligent understanding of any art. And these letters are of so admirable a lucidity and so perfectly sincere that they will yield a profitable return in knowledge and comprehension for the moderate study they entail.

The World's Warrant, Norah Davis's second novel, like her first book, *The Northerner*, is a story of Northern investors in the new South. But the delicate and personal treatment of local types and passing contrasts, which formed the chief charm of the earlier work, is wanting; and the melodramatic element, which was its least individualized and distinctive feature, is here more emphasized and depended upon; is, indeed, become the head stone of the corner. It is a case of the survival of the unfittest.

A. C. Benson who is, I believe, the author of the volume of meditations on the ultimate values and meanings of life called *The Gate of Death*, has again proved his skill in the employment of fictitious autobiographical forms for the



HOW OFTEN?



ORIGIN OF THE TERM "GET A HORSE"

expression of genuine autobiographical feeling. The actual events recorded in this diary of a man recovering from an almost fatal illness are doubtless as imaginary as the conditions predicated for the author's essays *From a College Window*. But the simplicity and beauty of the thoughts are none the less genuine.

An interesting and effective description of life in the Japanese war prisons during the later days of the recent hostilities is to be found in what purports to be the diary of a Russian officer's wife, published anonymously under the title of *As the Hague Ordains*. Whether or no the book is what it pretends to be, it is undoubtedly written by some one familiar with the scenes it depicts and able to convince us of at least the essential authenticity of the picture.



MOONSTRUCK

"Esperanto" is a universal language invented by Doctor Zamenhoff. It is assembled, on the Hog Latin principle, from English, French, Spanish and Italian; looks like Dago and sounds like a table d'hote at a Singapore hotel. It differs from a dead language in never having been alive and is called universal because nobody speaks it. It has, however, tremendous possibilities and corner lots near the Tower of Babel have already doubled in value. *Esperanto in Twenty Lessons*, by C. S. Griffin, lets you in on the ground floor for fifty cents.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Through the Eye of the Needle, by William Dean Howells. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

The Kinsman, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Letters to a Painter, from the German of W. Oswald. (Ginn and Company.)

The World's Warrant, by Norah Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.50.)

The Gate of Death. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

As the Hague Ordains. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

Esperanto in Twenty Lessons, by C. S. Griffin. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$0.50.)

Happiness

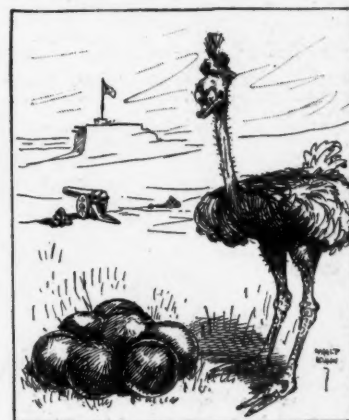
How happiness goes flaunting by,
As gaily as a butterfly;
And when we catch the lovely thing,
Alas! it has a broken wing!

Carolyn Wells.

THERE is just as much in where you plant your ladder as in the ability to climb it.

TRADITION got a jolt the other day when Governor Woodruff of Connecticut related how at the Jamestown Fair it befell that as he was talking to Governor Heyward of South Carolina, Governor Glenn of North Carolina came up. Learning that the two Governors had never met, he introduced them. But instead of passing the remark that tradition expects when the Governors of the two Carolinas meet, Governor Heyward falteringly admitted that he was a teetotaler, and Governor Glenn reassuringly disclosed to him that he was himself a Prohibitionist.

Times have changed; changed in the South, anyhow. No amount of statistics could bring the difference home to the comprehension of the public so forcibly as this incident.



"FOOL THAT I WAS TO THINK I LAID
THE LARGEST EGGS."



LEGAL PLEA FOR HER HAND

The judge's daughter was perturbed. "Papa," she said, knitting her pretty brow, "I am in doubt as to whether I have kept to the proper form of procedure. In law one can err in so many little technicalities that I am ever fearful. Now, last evening, George"—

The judge looked at her so sharply over his glasses that she involuntarily paused.

"I thought you had sent him about his business," he said.

"I did hand down an adverse decision," she answered, "and he declared that he would appeal. However, I convinced him that I was the court of last resort in a case like that, and that no appeal would lie from my decision."

"Possibly the court was assuming a little more power than rightfully belongs to it," said the judge, thoughtfully; "but let that pass. What did he do then?"

"He filed a petition for a rehearing."

"The usual course," said the judge; "but it is usually nothing but a mere formality."

"So I thought," returned the girl, "and I was prepared to deny it without argument, but the facts set forth in his petition were sufficient to make me hesitate and wonder whether his case had really been properly presented at the first trial."

"Upon what grounds did he make the application?" asked the judge, scowling.

"Well," she replied, blushing a little, "you see he proposed by letter, and his contention was that the case was of that peculiar character that cannot be properly presented by briefs, but demands oral arguments. The fact that the latter had been omitted, he held, should be held an error, and the point was such a novel one that I consented to let him argue it. Then his argument was so forceful that I granted his petition, and consented to hear the whole case again. Do you think?"

"I think," said the judge, "that the court favors the plaintiff."

—Chicago Post.

BEAUTIES OF OUR LANGUAGE

Two members of the Princeton faculty, according to *Harper's Weekly*, during a recent hurried trip to New York, were on a Broadway car when it was stopped by a blockade. As they were near their destination, they decided to get out and walk. The block was, however, soon lifted, and the car overtook them.

"When we left the car," said one of the "highbrows," who, by the way, has a bit of the Celt in him, "I thought we should get on better by getting off. But, after all, we should have been better off if we had stayed on."

THE MEASURE OF HIS SUCCESS

Hicks: Your friend Marryat tells me he's got his wife pretty thoroughly trained now.

Wicks: Yes, he's got her trained so that he can make her do pretty nearly anything she wants to do.—*The Catholic Standard and Times*.

HOW HE PROPOSED

MR. McDOOLEY: Faith, an' it do be a question Oi have fer yez, me darlin'."

MISS CLANCEY: Pfwat is it, Pat?"

"Whin it comes toime fer me funeral, how would yez loike t' be th' Widder McDooley?"—*Chicago News*.

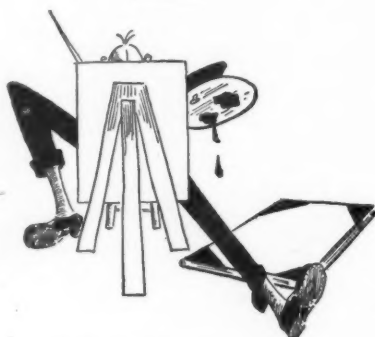
THREE doctors in Kalamazoo were holding a consultation.

They looked the patient over thoroughly and well, expending fully ten minutes' time diagnosing the case with care.

Then they retired to an adjoining room, closed the door, and a somewhat heated argument followed.

One of the doctors thought the man had money; two were sure he hadn't.

They did not operate.—*Philistine*.



THERE WAS A YOUNG ARTIST NAMED SAM,

WHO THOUGHT THE ART CRITICS A SHAM.

SAID HE, "HULLY GEE!

IT'S EASY TO SEE

FOR ME THEY DON'T CARE A—STRAW."

ERROR OF PEACE

Peace had floated into a convention, thinking it one held in honor of the olive branch.

Having listened to the conversation awhile, it grew restive. Presently it flew away.

"Great Scott!" it exclaimed. "Who was it steered me against the D. A. R.?"—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE Comte de Narbonne, the friend whom Talleyrand loved the best—if he loved any one—was walking with him and reciting some verses when Talleyrand perceived a passer-by yawning. "Look, Narbonne," said he to his friend, "you are speaking too loud."—*Bellman*.

ARMY KICKS

Said an old Colonel up at West Point:

"Our Army is all out of joint;

When they make a B. G.

They never take me,

But instead some young Captain appoint."

Said another one down at Monroe:

"Do you think our dear Congressmen know

That our small Army pay

Is no bigger to-day

Than it was thirty-five years ago?"

—*Harper's Weekly*.

Not in a thousand years will blood forget blood, even in this great nation of ours.

The column had been winding all morning through open country. Now it was approaching close woodland and high grass. The captain of the company, acting as advance guard, knew that trouble was probably lying ahead. He called to him his pet sergeant—the man he had been saving through all the day for the time when a "best" man was needed.

"Sergeant O'Hara," he said, "I want you to pick out from the company any six men you choose and go ahead as a point. You can have anybody you want—only choose the best you know. I think we will be fired on from those low hills."

Sergeant O'Hara's eyes searched the company.

"Sullivan!" he called, "McCarthy! O'Donnell! Moriarty! McGinniss!" He hesitated. His glance wandered uneasily up and down the line. Big, honest Swedes, burly Teutons, lanky Yankees, there were in plenty. But where—oh, yes, there on the left of the line—that bright-eyed, pug-nosed, red-headed little beggar, nodding and imploring attention with his twisted-up face. The sergeant's brow cleared.

"Lynch!" he called, with a sigh of relief. "This is him, sorr," he added, turning to the captain.—*Outing*.

A WASHINGTON chemist said of the noted Dr. H. G. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture:

"Dr. Wiley has all his life been a stickler for pure food and pure food laws.

"Once, when he was State Chemist of Indiana, a man put up a game on him. He was at this time fighting against oleo, and the man, inviting him to a Washington Birthday dinner, had oleo of a very fine grade served with the *hors d'œuvre*.

"Dr. Wiley, suspecting nothing, ate of the oleo freely, and his host said:

"How do you like the butter, sir?"

"Excellent," said Dr. Wiley. "One can fairly taste the rich, pure cream in it."

"The host gave a loud laugh.

"Oleo!" he said. "You've been eating oleo, man, and you never knew it."

Dr. Wiley retorted with a calm smile:

"Since the most expert of us can be so easily deceived, there's all the more need of the strictest laws against impure foods."—*Washington Star*.

Now that he has become a duly qualified member of the Ananias Society, it is generally believed that Mr. Harriman will at once proceed to acquire a majority of the stock.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

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see back label on every bottle;

That's All!



HUNTER
RYE



THE PEOPLE'S PURE,
PERFECT AND MOST
POPULAR WHISKEY

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



Best Line to Cincinnati and St. Louis—NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES



Why it is Good

Our water comes from wells 1400 feet deep.

Our barley is selected by a partner in our business—selected from the best that is grown.

Most of our hops are Bohemian.

Our yeast is produced forever from the same mother cell. 'Tis a yeast that no one can duplicate.

That is why Schlitz beer is good.

But we spend more on purity—more time, more skill, more money—than on any other cost of our brewing.

That is why Schlitz beer is good for you.

Schlitz

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

See that the cork or crown is branded Schlitz.

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous.



THE SCHEME WORKED—IN A WAY

The proprietor of a large business house bought a number of signs reading, "Do It Now," and had them hung around the office, hoping to inspire his people with promptness and energy in their work. In his private office one day soon afterward a friend asked him how the scheme affected the staff. "Well, not just the way I thought it would," answered the proprietor. "The cashier skipped with thirty thousand dollars, the head bookkeeper eloped with the private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase of salary and the office boy lit out to become a highwayman."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Hotel Vendome, Boston

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

THE TWO DAVISES

A number of years ago there were two men in the employ of the Santa Fé who were named Davis. One was James A. Davis, who was then in charge of the railroad's industrial department. The other Davis was in charge of the railroad's refrigerator line. James Davis was a "hot-air" artist whom the company always selected to "jolly" State legislatures.

The other Davis was also a genial fellow, but, owing to the fact that he had charge of the iced goods which went over the road and could not hold a candle to James A. when it came to talking things out of people, he acquired the reputation of being somewhat chilly.

One day the president pushed the office boy's bell button and the young autocrat hastily put in an appearance.

"Boy," said the president, "tell Mr. Davis that I would like to see him right away."

The boy started for the door, hesitated, thought a moment, and then, turning to the president, he said:

"Mr. Davis, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis."

"Hot or cold?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

Infant and Adult

For the upbuilding of the infant and sustaining the adult, milk is essential; and to be wholesome must be pure. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk have no equals for purity, flavor and richness.

WHEN Nelson's famous signal—"England expects every man to do his duty"—was given at Trafalgar, a Scottish sailor complained to a fellow countryman, "Not a word o' puir auld Scotland." "Hoots, Sandy," answered his friend, "the admiral kens that every Scotsman will do his duty. He's just giving the Englishers a hint."—*Independent*.

For Bridge, use Rad-Bridge Lithographed Score Pads.

AT LUNCHEON with the President the other day, informally, were Ambassador Bryce and Ben Daniel, an old Western friend, now United States Marshal of Arizona. The President said: "Mr. Ambassador, allow me to present to you my friend Ben Daniel, of whom I am genuinely proud." Ben is reported to have said, as he thereupon grasped the Ambassador's hand, "The President ain't no prouder of me than I am of him."—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly finished hotel south of New York.

In an interview at Havana Speaker Cannon, returning from Panama, said: "We will dig that ditch or bust." This is the first intimation we have had that the President expects any assistance in the undertaking.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

MR. STEAD accuses the newspapers of being responsible for most of the wars. Where would you saddle the responsibility in the stone age, Mr. Stead?—*Atlanta Constitution*.

MAXIM GORKY says that we are a silent and gloomy race. Maxim should come here during the baseball season.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

MR. TAFT is beginning to believe that the place in need of immediate pacification is Ohio rather than the Philippines.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

IN THE bill of Lawyer X. lately handed to his client was the item: "For a dream I had about your case, ten marks."—*Jugend*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"If of my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why we drink:
Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest we may be by and by,
Or any other reason why."

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"SINCE THAT OLD SALT, THE SEA-GULL, STRUCK THIS PLACE WITH HIS STORIES ABOUT THE BIG POND, I CAN'T GET MY BOYS TO MIND ME AT ALL."

Kitty's Little Supper

WHEN Kitty brings her chafing-dish
To make an oyster stew,
It bubbles once—a hasty stir—
And lo! the task is through.

My share I eat with relish, and
I'm careful not to grin,
Dear Kitty's mother made that stew
Ere Kitty brought it in.

—Woman's Home Companion.

A Plea for the Sparrows

SOME years ago a bill was offered in our Legislature to make it a criminal offense to feed a sparrow, also to offer a bounty for dead sparrows. We appeared at the hearing and suggested that the first clause would make half the little girls in Boston criminals, and the second would cause the towns about our cities to swarm with hoodlums who would overrun other people's lands with poison and shotguns, destroying every bird they could find. We also suggested that hoodlum shotguns might be dangerous not only to all domestic animals but to the families of those who owned them, and that if poisons were used the Legislature would have to be very careful at the cafés and restaurants as to what kind of birds they were eating on toast. We also suggested that the sparrows were as truly American as any of us, for they were born here, that they had lived thousands of years in the Old World, that they had kept many of our streets and parks free from canker worms and on the whole had done vastly more good than harm. The proposed bill did not pass.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE sun never sees the dark side of anything.—
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Important to see that it is Abbott's.

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Latest Books

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Life and Letters of E. L. Godkin. Two vols. (The Macmillan
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Fireside and Sunshine, by E. V. Lucas. (E. P. Dutton and
Company.)
Ackroyd of the Faculty, by Anna C. Ray. (Little, Brown and
Company. \$1.50.)
Under the Harrow, by Ellis Meredith. (Little, Brown and Com-
pany. \$1.50.)
Aunt Jane of Kentucky, by Eliza C. Hall. (Little, Brown and
Company. \$1.50.)
Davenant, by Albert Kinross. (Dodd, Mead and Company.
\$1.50.)
The Penalty, by Harold Begbie. (Dodd, Mead and Company.
\$1.50.)
The Sowing of Alderson Cree, by Margaret P. Montague.
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New Chronicles of Rebecca, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Hough-
ton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)
The Morning Glory Club, by G. A. Kyle. (L. C. Page and
Company.)
The Spider, by Carl Ewald. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.)
Prophet's Landing, by E. A. Dix. (Charles Scribner's Sons.
\$1.50.)
St. Matthew, Commentary by W. C. Allen. (Charles Scrib-
ner's Sons. \$3.00.)
Congressman Pumphrey, the People's Friend, by J. T. Mc-
Cutcheon. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Womanly Logic

"NEVER," groaned a Euclid Avenue picture
dealer, the other day, "never try to argue a
woman into believing that she ought to pay a bill
when she thinks otherwise. I tried it this morning—
presented a bill for some stuff ordered two months
ago. Here was her irrefutable logic:

"I never ordered any pictures.

"If I did, you never delivered them.

"If you did, I never got them.

"If I did, I paid for them.

"If I didn't, I must have had some good reason
for it.

"And if I had, of course, I won't pay."

"What d'you think of that?"—*Cleveland Plain
Dealer.*

"SCULPTURE is the simplest thing in the
world," says a rustic; "all you have to do is to
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Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN is no easy mark for the interviewer, least of all for the interviewer who would coin comic "copy" from the off-hand utterances of Mrs. Eddy's interpreter. The reason is practical. America's chief humorist gets thirty cents a word for everything he writes, and to talk for publication—for another's profit—would be a rather reckless form of expression. A certain newspaper humorist of passing reputation once sought out Mr. Clemens, all unconscious of the conversational embargo. He found him, as always, courteous; but respecting the proposed interview: "I'd like to oblige you," said the author of "The Jumping Frog," "but you see I'm in the same business myself, and when I have anything funny to say I feel compelled to put it in the form that will do my family the most good."

The Celtic Revival

THE tendency of the Irish toward bulls is pleasingly shown in the "Celtic Revival." They have permitted Professor Cornelius Weygandt and Roosevelt, both of them of Dutch ancestry, Teutons of Teutons, to become the chief exponents of the movement in this country. George Moore, the greatest novelist; Yeats, the greatest poet, and Lady Gregory, the only social light of the movement; these earnest Celts spend nearly all of their time in London, which is popularly supposed to be hated by all true Irishmen. Yeats has a smug little Cockney park, nearly a block long, as a view to inspire his poems on the gray twilight across ancient marshes. Those of the movement who stay at home, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Stephen Gwynn, and others, fight so much over their differing plans for restoring the Gael that their revival looks like a joint picnic of Orangemen and Catholic Foresters on St. Patrick's Day. Finally, the very greatest scholars in this linguistic movement are Anatole Le Braz, the Breton novelist and Parisian professor, and Dr. Kuno Meyer, of Germany!



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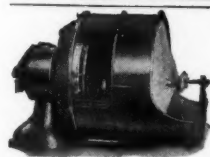
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